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BY JAMES R. MORRIS.
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The Old Homestead.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

When first the skies grow warm and bright,
And flash with gold the hours,
And, in her pale, faint robes, the Spring
Is calling up the flowers;
When children, with unslipped feet,
Go forth with hearts of glee,
To the straight and even furrows
Where the yellow corn must be;
What a beautiful embodiment
Of ease, devoid of pride,
Is the good old-fashioned homestead,
With doors still open wide!

But when the happiest time is come,
That to the year belongs,
Of uplands bright with harvest gold,
And meadows full of song;
When fields of yet unripened corn,
And daily garnering stores,
Remind the thrifty husbandman
Of amplest threshing floors—
How pleasant, from the din and dust
Of the thoroughfare aloof,
Seems the old-fashioned homestead,
With steep and mossy roof!

When home the woodman plods, with axe
Upon his shoulder swung,
And in the knotted apple tree
Are scythe and sickle hung;
When light the swallows twitter
'Neath the rafters of the shed,
And the table on the ivied porch
With decent care is spread—
The hearts are lighter and freer
Than beat in the populous town,
In the old-fashioned homestead,
With gables sharp and brown!

When the flowers of summer perish
In the cold and bitter rain,
And the little birds with weary wings
Have gone across the main;
When curl the blue smoke upward
Toward the blue sky,
And cold along the naked hills
And white the snow-drifts lie—
In legends of love and glory
They forget the cloud and storm,
In the old-fashioned homestead,
With heart-stone ample and warm!

A Tale of Truth.

A REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

One pleasant evening in the month of June, a man was observed entering the borders of a wood near the Hudson river; his appearance was that of a person above the common rank. The inhabitants of a country village would have dignified him with the name of 'Squire,' and from his manner have pronounced him proud; but those more accustomed to society would inform you there was something like a military air about him. His horse panted as if it had been pushed for some miles, yet from the owners frequent stops to caress the patient animal, he would not be charged with want of humanity, but seemed to be actuated by some urgent necessity. The rider's forsaking a good road for a by-path leading through the woods, indicated a desire to avoid the gaze of other travellers. He had not left the house where he inquired the direction of the above mentioned path, more than two hours, before the quietude of the place was broken by the noise of distant thunder. He was soon after obliged to dismount, traveling becoming dangerous as darkness concealed surrounding objects, except where the lightning's terrific flash afforded a momentary view of his situation. A peal louder and of longer duration than any of the preceding, which now burst over his head seeming as if it would rend the woods asunder, was quickly followed by a heavy fall of rain, which penetrated the clothing of the stranger, ere he could obtain the shelter of a large oak, which stood at a little distance.

Almost exhausted with the labours of the day, he was about making such disposition of the saddle and over coat, as would enable him to pass the night with what comfort circumstances would admit, when he espied a light glimmering through the trees. Animated with the hope of better lodgings, he determined to proceed. The way, which was steep, became attended with more obstacles the further he advanced, the soil being composed of clay, which the rain had rendered so soft that his feet slipped at every step. By the utmost perseverance, this difficulty was finally overcome without any accident, and he had the pleasure of finding himself

SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN WHO WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT."

Vol. IV.

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No. 28.

in front of a decent looking farm-house. The watch dog began barking, which brought the owner of the mansion to the door.

"Who is there?" said he.

"A friend who has lost his way, and is in search of shelter," was the reply. "Come in," added the first speaker, "and whatever my house will afford, you shall have with welcome."

"I must first provide for the weary companion of my journey," remarked the other.

But the farmer undertook the task, and after conducting the new comer into the room where his wife was seated, he led the horse to a well-stored barn, and there provided for him most bountifully. On rejoining the traveler, he observed, "that's a noble animal of yours, sir."

"Yes," was the reply, "and I am sorry to be obliged to misuse him, so as to make it necessary to give you much trouble with the care of him; but I have yet to thank you for your kindness to both of us."

"I did no more than my duty, sir," said the entertainer, "and therefore am entitled to no thanks. But Susan," added he, turning to the hostess, with a half-reproachful look, "why have you not got the gentleman something to eat?"

Fear had prevented the good woman from exercising her well known benevolence; for a robbery had been committed by a lawless band of depredators but a few days before, in the neighborhood, and as report stated the ruffians were well dressed, her imagination suggested that this man might be one of them.

At her husband's remonstrance, she now readily engaged in repairing her error, by preparing a plentiful repast. During the meal there was much interesting conversation between the three. As soon as the worthy countryman perceived that his guest had satisfied his appetite, he informed him that it was now the hour at which the family usually performed their evening devotion, inviting him to be present. The invitation was accepted in these words:

"It would afford me the greatest pleasure to commune with my Heavenly Preserver; after the events of the day, such exercises prepare us for the repose which we seek in sleep."

The host now reached his Bible from the shelf, and after reading a chapter and singing, concluded the whole with a fervent prayer—then lighting a pine knot, conducted the person he had entertained to his chamber, wishing him a good night's rest, and retired to an adjoining apartment.

"John," whispered the woman, "that is a good gentleman, and not one of the highwaymen, as I supposed."

"Yes, Susan," said he, "I like him better for thinking of his God, than for all his kind enquiries after our welfare. I wish our Peter had been from the army, if it was only to hear this man talk; I am sure Washington himself could not say more for his country, nor give a better history of the hardships endured by our brave soldiers."

"Who knows now," inquired the wife, "but it may be he himself, after all, my dear, for they do say he travels just so all alone, sometimes. Hark! what's that?"

The sound of a voice came from the chamber of the guest, who was now engaged in his private religious worship. After thanking the Creator for his many mercies, and asking a blessing on the inhabitants of the house, he continued—"and now, Almighty Father, if it is thy holy will that we shall obtain a place and name among the nations of the earth, grant that we may be enabled to show our gratitude for thy goodness, by our endeavors to obey thee. Bless us with wisdom in our councils, success in battle, and let our victories be tempered with humanity. Endow also our enemies with enlightened minds, that they may become sensible of injustice, and willing to restore

our liberty and peace. Grant the petition of thy servant for the sake of him whom thou hast called thy Son; nevertheless, not my will but thine be done. Amen."

The next morning, the traveller declining the pressing solicitations to breakfast with his host, declared it was necessary for him to cross the river immediately, at the same time offering a part of his purse, as a compensation for the attention he had received, which was refused.

"Well, sir," concluded he, "since you will not permit me to recompense you for your trouble, it is but just that I should inform you on whom you have conferred so many obligations, and also to add to them by requesting your assistance in crossing the river. I had been out yesterday endeavoring to obtain some information respecting our enemy, and being alone, ventured too far from our camp; on my return, I was surprised by a foraging party, and only escaped by my knowledge of the roads and the fleetness of my horse. My name is GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Surprise kept the listener silent for a moment; then after unsuccessfully repeating his invitation to partake of some refreshments, he hastened to call two negroes, with whose assistance he placed the horse on a small raft of timber that was lying near the door, and soon conveyed the General to the opposite side, where he left him to pursue his way to the camp, wishing him a safe and prosperous journey. On his return to the house, he found that while he was engaged in making preparations for conveying the horse across the river, his illustrious visitor had persuaded the woman to accept a token of remembrance, which the family are proud of exhibiting to this day.

The above is one of the many hazards encountered by this truly great patriot, for the purpose of transmitting to posterity the liberty we enjoy. Let us acknowledge the benefits received, by our endeavors to preserve them in their purity; and by keeping in remembrance the great source whence these blessings flow; and be enabled to render our names worthy of being enrolled with that of the father of his country.

An Evil Hinted At.

Did any body ever think to draw in contrast the characters, habits, usefulness, and real social value of two mortals, the one by profession a *Gentleman*, the other by trade a *Mechanic*? It is a profitable work; we think, to bring out strongly, these characteristics, as existing in the two persons occupying these relative stations in society, just to see wherein they differ, and thus fix an estimate upon the relative value and importance of each, as regards every thing that makes MAN and MAN'S WORKS valuable to himself, to society, to his country, and to those who are to come after him.

We reckon if this was done faithfully, and with strict regard to truth, that your elegantly dressed and intensely perfumed "gentleman" would sink into insignificance, while your stalwart, hardy, industrious, hard-fisted and clear brained MECHANIC, would raise proportionably high in station and estimation. The embrowned skin and coarse jacket would be found to cover more real worth, than the most delicate article or the finest French broadcloth.

It is well, sometimes, to keep these broad distinctions clearly in our view, for we cannot disguise the unpleasant fact, that a fine coat and a gold headed cane will often enable their worthless possessors to go where a leathern apron and an iron sledge would be refused an entrance, and would find the navigation very difficult indeed. This is getting to be too much the case in this country, for the credit of our republican institutions and boasted democratic character. The young people, especially, are beginning to a greater extent than it is comfortable to know, to pay deference to dress. Worthlessness

in purple and fine linen finds crowds of worshippers, while honest worth walks by in homely homespun with none to pay it the homage it deserves.

This false and unjust distinction has been the curse of aristocracy ridden Europe these many centuries:

Here the evil is just developing itself. Oh! nip it in the bud! kill it now, before its roots strike deep or its branches spread. Now it may be destroyed, but soon if untouched, 'twill be indelible as Canada thistles.

Gaming.

Every amiable propensity in the heart of man, every endearing tie, every sacred pledge, every honorable feeling, are set aside and forgotten, when gaming takes possession of the human mind. This is not said at random; it is the voice of truth and experience, and has been exemplified in many thousand instances—and yet the danger is never seen by the young beginner. Many a youth of fair promises enters upon the career of gaming, more out of thoughtlessness than viciousness. Not aware of the fraud with which the system is inculcated, nor of the train of bad propensities that unnecessarily enter into the composition of a gamster, he steps into the fatal path without intention of pursuing it far, and without fear of being lost in its labyrinths. But presently the leprosy seizes him, and the plague of it overspreads his whole heart and mind. His love of gaming increases alike whether he gains or loses. It fixes, and as it were, fascinates his whole attention, so that every thing else is neglected.

The company he keeps, the language he hears, the scenes of degradation he daily witnesses, poisons the sources of moral feeling within him. The jealousy, the rage, the revenge, incident to the employment in which he is engaged, generate, a ferocity of temper. He is lost to all that is good, and prepared for every thing of evil. He that by habits of honest industry might have gained competent wealth; he that might have been a source of joy and felicity to an amiable wife, and the father of a progeny that would have blessed his memory; he that might have been an ornament to society, and an honor to the human family, is at last a vagabond, as destitute of property as principle—the grief and shame of his kindred—despised of the world, and a burden to himself.

A Tough Story.

Our uncle Ezar is in the habit sometimes of "stretching the truth" a little; a vicious sort of propensity from which the rest of the family are singularly free. We heard him tell Snooks a rather severe tale one day last week, which we have concluded to give to the world.

"When I lived in Maine," said he, "I helped break up a new piece of ground; we got the wood off in the winter, and early in the spring we begun to think of ploughing on't. It was so consarned rocky that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to one plough—we did, faith—and I held that plough for more than a week—I thought I should die. It e'en a'most killed me, I swan. Why, one day I was holdin', and the plough hit a stump, which measured just nine foot and a half through it—hard and sound white oak. The plough split it, and I was going straight through the stump, when I happened to think it might snap together again, so I just threw my feet out, and I had no sooner done this, than it snapped together, taking a smart hold of the seat of my pantaloons. Of course, I was tight, but I held on to the plough handles, and though the teamsters did all they could, that team of eighty oxen could'n't tear my pantaloons; or cause me to let go my grip. At last though, after letting the cattle breathe, they gave another strong pull together, and the old stump came out about the quickest; it had monstrous long roots too, let me tell you. My

wife made the cloth for them pantaloons, and I haint worn any other kind since."

The only reply Snooks made to this was—"I should have thought it would have come hard on your suspenders."

Roads and Road Making.

Professor Gillespie says in his book on Roads: A straight road over an uneven and hilly country may, at first view, when merely set upon the map, be pronounced to be a bad road; for the straightness must have been obtained either by submitting to steep slopes in ascending the hills and descending into the valleys, or these natural obstacles must have been overcome by incurring a great and unnecessary expense in making deep cuttings and fillings.

A good road should wind around these hills instead of running over them, and this it may often do without at all increasing its length. For if a hemisphere (such as half a bullet) be placed so as to rest upon its plane base, the halves of great circles which join two opposite points of this base are all equal, whether they pass horizontally or vertically. Or let an egg be laid upon a table, and it will be seen that if a level line be traced upon it from one end to the other, it will be no longer than the line traced between the same points, but passing over the top. Precisely so may the curving road around a hill be often no longer than the straight one over it; for the latter road is straight only with reference to the vertical plane which passes through it and is curved with reference to a horizontal plane; while the former level road, though curved as to the vertical plane, is straight as to a horizontal one. Both lines thus curve, as we call the latter one straight in preference only because its vertical curvature is less apparent to our eyes.

The difference in length between a straight road and one which is slightly curved is very small. If a road between two places, ten miles apart, were made to curve so that the eye could nowhere see further than a quarter of a mile of it at once, its length would exceed that of a perfectly straight road between the same points by only about one hundred and fifty yards.

But even if the level and curved roads were very much longer than the straight and steep one, it would almost always be better to adopt the former; for on it a horse could safely and rapidly draw his full load, while on the other he could carry only part of his load up the hill, and must diminish his speed in descending it. As a general rule, the horizontal length of a road may be advantageously increased, to avoid an ascent by at least twenty times the perpendicular height which is thus to be saved; that is, to escape a hill a hundred feet, it would be proper for the road to make such a circuit as would increase its length two thousand feet. The mathematical axiom that "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points," is thus seen to be an unsafe guide in road making, and less appropriate than the paradoxical proverb, that "the longest way around is the shortest way home."

Facts for Farmers.

God made man an agriculturist, and while in a state of innocence his first business was to till the ground. And in every age of the world, some of the greatest men have been farmers. And I rejoice to know that many in our own time of highly cultivated intellect and enlarged views, and worldly competence, are proud to be ranked among practical farmers. Far better had it been for the world, had the number been ten-fold greater. Far better were it for the present generation, if in the choice of employment, parents and their sons would view the subject as these have done, and let their sons be directed in their choice to the same wise results. Thus, much of idleness and

MECHANICAL EXECUTION
BY H. ADOLPHUS RUTHER

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crime which are exerting such an influence on us, would never have existed. Many of the temptations to vice would have been avoided.—*Asylum Journal.*

Microscopic Wonders.

Upon examining the edge of a very sharp lancet with a microscope, it will appear as broad as the back of a knife; rough, uneven, full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle resembles a rough iron bar. But the sting of a bee, seen through the same instrument, exhibits every where a most beautiful polish, without the least blemish or inequality, and it ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The threads of a fine lawn seem coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors. But a silk worm's web appears perfectly smooth and shining, and every where equal. The smallest dot that can be made with a pen, appears irregular and uneven. But little specks on the wings and bodies of insects are found to be most accurately circular. The finest miniature paintings appear before the microscope rugged and uneven, entirely void of beauty, either in the drawing or coloring. The most even and beautiful varnishes will be found to be mere roughness. But the nearer we examine the works of God, even in the least of his productions, the more sensible shall we be of his wisdom and power. In the numberless species of insects, what proportion, exactness, uniformity, and symmetry do we perceive in all organs! what profusion of coloring! azure, green and vermilion, gold, silver, pearls, rubies, and diamonds; fringe and embroidery on their bodies, wings, heads, and every part! how high the finishing, how imitable the polish we every where behold.

Preparing for an Expected Evil.

Fraser, in his history of Persia, relates that an acquaintance of his, while residing in a Musselman town, was alarmed by hearing, in a neighboring house, a sort of periodical punishment going on daily. Heavy blows were given, and a person was continually crying out, "Amaun! amaun! mercy! mercy! I have nothing—Heaven is my witness, I have nothing!" Upon inquiry, he learned that the sufferer was a merchant reputed to be very rich, who afterwards confessed to him, that the governor of the place was meditating how he should possess himself of a share of his wealth, and expecting to be put to the torture, he had resolved to habituate himself to the endurance of pain, in order to resist the threatened demands. He had brought himself to bear a thousand strokes of a stick on the soles of his feet, and as he was able to counterfeit great exhaustion and agony, he hoped to be able to bear as many blows as they would venture to inflict, short of death, without conceding any of his money.

Marriage.

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation; a very little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the South can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embrace of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the North, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watch and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of man and wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artificial pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindness in pieces.—*Jeremy Taylor.*